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# How The Cookie Crumbles...



cookie

mature

humor

58 2 3

## Chapter 1 by intellikat

I didn't ask for this. I didn't pray for this. I didn't pay for this.

The club was called "Shortbread", and its flickering, illuminated lights hung above an animated figure of a dancing cookie. I heard that men drank for free of Tuesdays, and so I went, foolishly, by myself to this new club that had opened on the other side of the tracks.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



The club was dark and grim. Figures ambled and angled about in the gloom, clutching silvered cans and breathing smoke from dry lips. I saw their eyes peering at me from beneath Trukfit(tm) caps. I worried, concerned for my safety.

And then.

And then I saw him.

A giant Cookie Man stepping onto the greasy stage, colored flights flashing over his breaded body.

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The crowd of men erupted into hissing and cheering, the air thick with smoke and noises abounding.

My pulse quickened as I realized the danger I was in.

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The Cookie Man stripped himself of a leather jerkin and kicked a pair of red cowboy boots off into the crowd of heavily-breathing men as a deep bass beat dropped from speakers hidden somewhere in this underworld.

I felt a tap on my shoulder.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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